Will I file off, you ſhall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the ſmell o'th priſon, after
When you ſhall ſtretch your ſelfe, and ſay but *Arcite*
I am in plight, there ſhall be at your choyce
Both Sword, and Armour.

Pal. Oh you heavens, dares any
So noble beare a guilty buſines! none
But onely *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*
In this kinde is ſo bold.

Arc. Sweete *Palamon.*

Pal. I doe embrace you, and your offer, for
Your offer doo't I onely, Sir your perſon
Without hipocriſy I may not wiſh
Winde hornes of Cornets.
More then my Swords edge ont.

Arc. You heare the Hornes;
Enter your Muſicke leaſt this match between's
Be croſt, or met, give me your hand, farewell.
Ile bring you every needfull thing: I pray you
Take comfort and be ſtrong.

Pal. Pray hold your promiſe;
And doe the deede with a bent brow, moſt certaine
You love me not, be rough with me, and powre
This oile out of your language; by this ayre
I could for each word, give a Cuffe: my ſtomach
not reconcild by reaſon,

Arc. Plainely ſpoken,
Yet pardon me hard language, when I ſpur
Winde horne.
My horſe, I chide him nor; content, and anger
In me have but one face. Harke Sir, they call
The ſcatterd to the Banket; you muſt gueſſe
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir your attendance
Cannot pleaſe heaven, and I know your office
Vnjuſtly is atcheev'd.

Arc. If a good title,
I am perſwaded this queſtion ſicke between's,

By

By bleeding muſt be cur'd. I am a Suitour,
That to your Sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talke of it no more.

Pal. But this one word:
You are going now to gaze upon my Miſtris,
For note you, mine ſhe is.

Arc, Nay then.

Pal. Nay pray you,
You talke of feeding me to breed me ſtrength
You are going now to looke upon a Sun
That ſtrengthens what it lookes on, there
You have a vantage ore me, but enjoy't till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Iaylors daughter alone.*

Daugh. He has miſtooke; the Beake I meant, is gone
After his fancy, Tis now welnigh morning,
No matter, would it were perpetuall night,
And darkenes Lord o'th world, Harke tis a woolfe:
In me hath greife ſlaine feare, and but for one thing
I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon.*
I wreake not if the wolves would jaw me, ſo
He had this File; what if I hallowd for him?
I cannot hallow: if I whoop'd; what then?
If he not anſweard, I ſhould call a wolfe,
And doe him but that ſervice. I have heard
Strange howles this live-long night, why may't not be
They have made prey of him? he has no weapons,
He cannot run, the lengling of his Gives
Might call fell things to liſten, who have in them
A ſence to know a man unarmd, and can
Smell where reſiſtance is. Ile ſet it downe
He's torne to peeces, they howld many together
And then they feed on him: So much for that,
Be bold to ring the Bell; how ſtand I then?
All's char'd when he is gone, No, no I lye,
My Father's to be hang'd for his eſcape,
My ſelfe to beg, if I prizd life ſo much
As to deny my act, but that I would not,

Should